

The History of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church, Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry : I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not above seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not above once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, lived well, and in good compasse, and now I live out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needs be out of all compasse : out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face. & I'll amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir John*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I'le be sworn, I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I thinke upon hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in Purple: for there he is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way give to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's gods Angel*: But thou art altogether given over; & wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of utter darknesse. When thou runst up *Gads-hill* in the night; to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst becn an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, and everlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saved me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Taverne & Taverne: but the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandelers in *Europe*. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar, Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, so should I be heart-burned.

Henry the F

How now, dame *Partlet* th
yet who pickt my pocket?

Hofst. Why Sir John, what d
I keep theeves in my house
haz my husband, man by m

the tight of a haire was new
Fal. Ye lie, Holsteffe, *Bardol.*
and i' lebe sworne my pocke
man, goe.

Hof. Who I? I defie thee:
mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you

Hof. No, *Sir John*, you do
you *Sir John*, you owe me
a quarrell to beguile me of
your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas
wives, they have made boul

Hof. Now as I am a true v

owe money here besides, S
ings, and mony lent you, xxi

Fals. He had his part of

Hof. He ? alas, he is poor
Fal. How ! poore ? look

et them coine his Nose, let
what will you see

a denier: what, will you make
mine ease in mine time, but I
leave you. Ring of my Grace

of a seale Ring of my Gra
 Ref O Iesu I have been

Hof. O Jelu, I have heard
how oft, that Ring was Co
Felf. How the Prince is

Fals. How? the Prince is
 were here I would sud tell

*Enter the Prince marching
playing on his Flute*

playing on his T
 Fa! How now Lad is th

Must we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two ;
Hos. My Lord, I pray you

Hoj. My Lord, I pray yo

How